

MISS BUTTS: "LADY OF MERCIES"

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

*When e'er a noble deed is wrought,
When e'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.*

*The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.*

*Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.*

—Longfellow.

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To whom all matters relating to subscriptions should be sent

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EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

MISS L. C. COOMBS, India MRS. R. D. LORD MRS. EMELINE BURLINGAME CHENEY
MRS. LAURA E. HARTLEY MRS. M. A. W. BACHELDER IDA LORD REMICK
MRS. LOU M. P. DURGIN PROF. H. T. MACDONALD PROF. A. W. ANTHONY, D. D.

PUBLICATION COMMITTEE

MISS LENA S. FENNER MRS. ETHELYN H. ROBERTS MRS. LUCIA H. LIBBY
MISS MAY MALVERN MISS EDYTH R. PORTER
MRS. H. H. HAYES MRS. WALTER MALVERN

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY
NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB, EDITOR

VOL. XL.

JULY, 1917

No. 7

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord :
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored :
He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword :
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps ;
They have builded Him an alter in the evening dew and damp ;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps :
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel :
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal ;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat :
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant, my feet !
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With the glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me ;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

—Julia Ward Howe.

Motto: Faith and Works Win.

Colors: Blue and Gold.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

"The Missionary scouts the idea of a halo. He seeks no preëminence above his fellows because of the great renunciation that has taken him away from his home and across the seas. He asks no quarter because of the inroads of oriental ailments and debilitating climate upon his body or the greater inroads of entrenched heathenism upon his soul. He stands as a man among men, or a woman among women, asking only the privilege of service, intent upon the King's Business, and to it he gives without truce or halt his best, lavishly.Although serious and exacting, there is an overflowing cup of joy and blessing for those who choose to enter upon this Business in Eastern lands." So wrote Miss Fenner, after a year of intimate acquaintance with our work and workers in Bengal-Orissa. She had no one missionary in mind, but today we note how perfectly the characterization applies to Miss Butts, "Christian Heroine." The sacrifice, the service, the joy, were all hers; and, in this *HELPER*, a few who knew and loved her have told how her life impressed them. "She was a wonderful woman!" writes one of her fellow workers. "Her noble life has left a lasting impress on this land," writes another. A former student at New Hampton says that "she inspired her pupils with a zeal for study and steady application, even in subjects usually considered dry, and she had a gift for languages. She not only acquired purity of accent herself in French and German, but was able to impart it, as was proved when her pupils studied later under European teachers." Such tributes would not appeal to Miss Butts unless they stimulated each reader of them to learn and be and do more and more; to improve every opportunity for culture, mental and spiritual, in order to have the very best self to give to God, the very highest quality of service to give to the world. She gave, gave, gave, always and everywhere, upward and outward, with utmost lavishness. Some months ago she wrote, "During the year I have done a little rescue work, or rather I have had it thrust upon me. One little orphan girl who had been abandoned by a Brahman widow was sent to me and cared for before being sent to the Balasore Orphanage. Her gentle and affectionate disposition made her a general favorite at once. The dear little baby whose death was mentioned by Miss Coe was sent to me and I sent her later to Balasore. Another baby six months old and weighing only six pounds was brought to me. After three months of careful nursing he became a healthy, happy baby." Speaking of her visits

to the zenanas and how glad the women were to see her, she adds, "I am more and more impressed with the awful weight of ignorance and superstition under which these women drag out their miserable existence. The lesson with the Christian teacher is a welcome break in the dull monotony of their lives." For such as these she was glad to live and die.Miss Fenner's allusion to the Khands reminds us to turn again to the thrilling story of children rescued from sacrifice to the goddess Kali, as told in *Missionary Reminiscences*.Delightful glimpses of Thank Offering services continue to reach us. The practical results will appear in "Contributions." Miss Coe spoke in several churches in Maine and Rhode Island, also at several Baptist meetings. "The people love her," wrote one of our officers. The feeling must be mutual, because Miss Coe wrote, "Everybody has been so good to me, and it is a joy to get better acquainted." We rejoice because appeals to always keep our Thank Offering, and protestations against any possibility of giving it up, have literally poured down upon the editor's desk. It is a great satisfaction to know what a warm and fixed place this beautiful observance has in the hearts of our people. Even the men have voiced it. Dr. John T. Ward writes from Osaka, Japan, enclosing an offering in memory of Mrs. Ward, "Did I see some hint that this is to be the last of the series of annual thank offerings? I hope not. We have very properly given up many of our customs in the union, but the thank offering service is one which all may adopt and continue with profit to themselves and the world." A worker writes from Haverhill, "We have had our Thank Offering with good results. Are we not to have any more of those beautiful invitations? We do hope the Thank Offering will not be given up. And the HELPER we do so enjoy. We take about fifty copies and six \$1.00 shares." Then she pays loving tribute to the women, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ware and Mrs. Dudley, who are still an inspiration in the splendid accomplishment of that auxiliary. Many letters link the HELPER and the Thank Offering as two beloved expressions of the F. B. W. M. S. with which we cannot part.Mrs. Howard writes, "We have been in Contai about a year and like it better all the time. There are 618,223 in Contai subdivision alone—and no trouble from competition! Pray for us. We do enjoy the HELPER so much. I always read it through from cover to cover as soon as it comes." Mrs. Cox, in sending her recollections of Miss Butts, speaks of "the dear MISSIONARY HELPER, which we must continue." One of our officers wrote, "The HELPER came while Miss Coe was here and we devoured it greedily together. Every word is so dear."Will members of the Prayer League and all others continue to pray for *the right young woman* to succeed Miss Butts? Pray also for Annual Meeting and for officers and committees. The week of board meetings is a very hard one at best.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ELLA MAY BUTTS

By ELIZABETH HAYES COX.

(As most of our readers know, Mrs. Cox is the daughter of Professor and Mrs. B. F. Hayes, of Lewiston and Bates College, who were "helpers of many," the memories of whom are still an inspiration.—EDITOR.)

It was my happy privilege to know Miss Butts intimately from my childhood, so it is not an easy matter to condense, as I must, the thoughts of her that now flood my mind.



MISS ELLA M. BUTTS

Ella was born in New Portland, Maine, February 29, 1852. Her mother died when Ella was about eight years old.

When she was still very young she taught in a rural community, boarding around, where things were exceedingly crude, and common conveniences were lacking. Even at that tender age she showed that she had the stuff of which heroes are made. Though herself scrupulously neat, she

would keep cheery in spite of the conditions, and invent ways of improving those conditions as fast as could be done without being a trial to those about her.

Some time after her family had moved to Lewiston and had a home not far from ours, my mother asked Ella if she could help us one vacation. This she was glad to do. And I remember hearing my mother tell how Ella begged to be allowed to stay and earn her board after the term opened, one argument being that her stepmother did not like her to burn out oil after the family had retired, and at our house she could study as late as she desired. This plan was carried out, for it was no easy matter to disappoint so faithful and earnest a girl who did not want to be a burden at home. Ella stayed with us through the remainder of her high school course.

She distinguished herself as the first in rank of a large class in which there was an unusual number of superior minds. When she delivered her valedictory at seventeen years of age, she was probably the youngest in the class.

In the fall of that year she became a teacher in the schools of Lewiston, where she continued until she went with our family to Europe. She and I occupied the same stateroom as we crossed the Atlantic and hotel rooms as we visited Scotland, England and the Continent. In her travels Ella lost no opportunity of increasing her fund of information. Diligently she studied guide books, and literature connected with places visited.

When at length we settled down for study she was eager to go at once into a family where only German would be spoken. When invitations came to enter pleasant social groups, where the German ladies might sometimes talk English with the Americans, she would not go, for she felt it her duty to confine herself to mastering the German language. After a year in Germany Ella studied French in a private school in Switzerland.

The fall after her return to America she became teacher of modern languages at New Hampton Literary Institution. She left in 1886 to go as missionary to India.

When asked if she would go to our India field she said, "I never felt I had a call to India, but when I gave my allegiance to Christ it was to serve him where I was most needed. If India needs me most I am ready to go there." She did not allow herself to be deterred by the fact that

At the memorial service held here at New Hampton Sunday evening, May 20th, a pupil of Miss Butts gave a loving tribute, which included the following: "When she announced her decision to go to India as a missionary, Miss Butts was obliged to meet strong opposition from school and town. Doubtless in her modesty she was amazed by the vigor of the protest and the overwhelming voices in loud appreciation. Her colleagues in the faculty were deeply grieved to lose one who had proved a tower of strength. As lady principal she had been quiet and forceful in discipline, preëminently just, and sufficiently tactful to come safely through all kinds of perils. Many citizens of the town bewailed the departure of one who had done much faithful work in the church and shown herself concerned in all the best interests of the place. As for the students, even the most careless were roused to a sense of personal loss, and the realization that such teachers are rare. More than once in public meetings, as well as in private arguments, Miss Butts was obliged to give reasons for her determination to leave a work that seemed so useful and successful."

There is room for but one of the things said at this service by Principal Preston, who first knew Miss Butts when a student and later became an associate teacher. "Certainly," he said, "I know of no teacher who occupied a larger place in the hearts of the students, all of them. There are very few people who were loved by all her associates as was Miss Butts."

So rigidly has she held herself to whatever work was before her that it has been impossible for her to keep up correspondence even with choice friends. It was work and not rest to write the exceedingly painstaking letters that left her pen.

She learned when young to catch every available minute for reading, so kept well informed on what of interest was going on in the world, and could in remarkably short time get the gist of any book within reach.

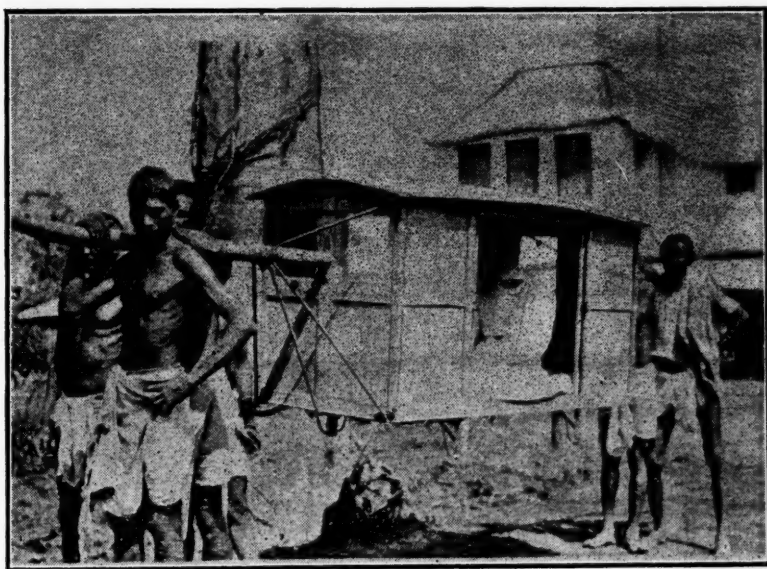
Miss Butts' most prominent characteristics, as I saw them, were her insatiable thirst for knowledge, her power for long continued concentration, her unusual enthusiasm, her habit of doing what *ought* to be done instead of what she would like to do, and her forgetfulness of self.

New Hampton, N. H.

SANTIPORE'S "LADY OF MERCIES"

By LENA SWEET FENNER.

The Santipore of Dr. Phillips—its founder—was the realization of a dream of philanthropy. The Khond Hill boys and girls, saved from human sacrifice, were located here—in this spot carved out of the sal jungle—for nurture and training. A splendid piece of masonry, the bund—a dam across the creek—was builded to give employment to the colony, and to furnish means for irrigation of the rice lands in the years to come. The bund was the physical salvation of Santipore. Homes, schools, a church, and industrial shops for the boys' weaving, arose.



MISS BUTTS IN PALKI AT SANTIPORE

Santipore, in the course of the years, felt the touch and devotion of Dr. Nellie Phillips, the Griffins, and others, and grew apace. Many Indian helpers for other parts of our mission have been grown and trained at Santipore. Here lived Ganga Babu, the literary man of our mission. Out from here came Rachel Das Bose, now a valued teacher at Midnapore.

But the Santipore of Miss Butts' time was another proposition. Santipore, the city of peace, belied its name. Lacking for some years the strong hand of a Sahib, differences and frictions arose, weakening the power of the church and making station problems difficult. The bund,



ZENANA TEACHERS, SANTIPORE, INDIA



THREE GENERATIONS OF INDIAN CHRISTIANS, SANTIPORE
The Mother, Sister and Niece of Rachel Das Bose

left to Indian care, went for a time into disrepair, and the economical life of the village was threatened to the point of starvation. The poor she had always with her, was literally true of Miss Butts, and more generous was she to others than just to herself. A stray widow, or a misused wife, or a sick, thrown-away baby was her constant personal charge, taking time, strength and purse, but fulfilling the Christ-love she was there to demonstrate.

Although a Sahib came once a month to oversee the work of the station, the care of the daily routine fell to the resident missionary. So Miss Butts' duties were various. It was morning prayers with the industrial boys, then teaching in the girls' school in the vernacular for an absent teacher, the conducting of a children's meeting; on Sunday, teaching a Sunday School class and guiding an Endeavor meeting, going to visit the sick in the homes, doing dispensary work, making the rounds with the zenana teachers and Bible women, and, when time and strength permitted, carrying the Gospel message to the members of nearby bazaars,—doing this with a New England energy that never abated in all her thirty years of service, under an enervating tropical sun and amidst mental and moral conditions even more sapping to vitality. The privilege of service for Him, seeking no earthly reward, was sufficient joy to keep her on the *bound* for opportunities.

When the annual *Mela* comes to Santipore, as it did the week before Miss Butts was taken ill, it means tremendous extra work for the missionary. It is Santipore's great week. In gala attire, it is the busiest, most interesting place in the Bengal-Orissa field. Missionaries and workers from all over the field congregate here.

The journey of nine miles to the railroad, over rough rice fields, through bear-jungle and two rivers, made in a crude, jolting dooli carried on the shoulders of coolies, became tragic in Miss Butts' critical hour.

In a life alone one naturally becomes introspective. Not so Miss Butts! In that isolated India village the whole world was spread out before her. Her interest was keen and her knowledge up-to-date on the world-movements of the day. Her books were her choice friends.

Her remarkable memory and animated conversation made a visit with her a charmed experience to be always treasured. Perhaps it was a German poem, learned thirty years before during her visit in Europe; or glorious moments out under the eastern stars while she told their Bengali

names and legends; or the romance or tragedy of some Rajah or Rani, with all the thrilling details; or the beaming recital of some evidence of God's grace in a pagan land,—it was all a part of Miss Butt's big, blessed world, out of which she had much to give and to share.

Rarely endowed with fine mental and spiritual qualities, Miss Butts gave her best and her all to Christ for India. Santipore has lost its lady of mercies.

Providence, R. I.

A CHRISTIAN HEROINE

By AMY B. COE.

"Today, in our midst, we have the example of a Christian heroine. It is the life of Miss Butts. If the example which she gave to the church of Orissa is followed, there is no doubt that in every congregation there will be the reflection of Christ."

The above is a free translation of a paragraph in the April number of the *Oriya Morning Star*. There is much else in the little magazine which is of comfort and interest to those of us who knew and loved Miss Butts. In a long poem, the story is told of her sympathy in sorrow and in joy—how she cared for the sick, sat by their bedsides and fed them—how she gave all that she had to the poor—and it closes with a cry to the Mother to come back to sorrowing children, and then the thought of her reward:

"Oh, angels, open wide the door. Miss Butts will enter.
Give her the crown to wear."

We are glad to hear not only the formal expression of the love of the Santipore church; but also in private letters to read how very real is the feeling of appreciation.

Personally, I was especially glad to see the words first quoted, for Miss Butts did fulfill my ideal of a Christian heroine. I am not the one to give details of her life and work. My acquaintance with her was all too short—limited to her rare visits to Balasore, usually at Yearly Meeting time. Many little incidents of those linger in my mind—most of them things I used to tease her about—her anxious care for her servant, her voluminous purchases at the bazaar for her poor folks at home, her absorption in a book, and her consternation over my ignorance of the stars. She

almost always brought something for Noni, that Orphanage baby whose life is a result of Miss Butts' devotion.

In these visits I did come to admire greatly her wonderful memory, her unflagging energy, and her ever eager thirst for knowledge; but something else in her fills out the heroine idea. She seemed satisfied to work on and not to attain. Don't misunderstand—not the lack of a goal—never! Rather hers was the joy of so eagerly spending herself for the task that she could not stop to question about returns of any kind, either in results or gratitude or even plain appreciation. In the Quarterly Meetings she could never crowd her message full enough of the calls to higher living. It came pouring out in fluent Bengali—a strong, urgent, dramatic appeal. After she had so spent herself, did she ever question how much had fallen on stony ground? I used to wonder. If one said a word of praise, it was apparently not noticed, because so unimportant.

As others will say, there was much in her lonely life at Santipore that was wearing, vexatious and disappointing. Miss Butts apparently never thought of it as affecting herself. She was too absorbed in the goal. A few weeks ago I heard from Margaret Slattery a story which has stayed with me—and now comes flashing into my mind, as I think of the new-made grave in Calcutta. An Italian color bearer, with his comrades, was ordered to scale one of the high points of the Alps. Before he reached it, he fell, and was buried there with his flag. The simple inscription over his grave read, "He died climbing." So died Miss Butts, and I believe she was glad on the way, and glad to fall while still pressing on.

Madison, Conn.

MANUAL METHODS OF TEACHING MISSIONS

II.

By MISS GERTRUDE HARTLEY.

When in the country not long since I inquired what the ladies did at missionary meeting, and was told they always worked on a patchwork quilt. That is, the women sew on the "squares" as they listen to the papers or whatever program has been prepared for the afternoon by the committee in charge. It occurred to me that instead of making Log-cabin, or Irish chain, or Basket quilts, they might evolve a Flag Quilt. Why not? Let each square be the flag of some nation. Many of them are extremely simple, those of France, Russia, Belgium, Serbia, and a good

many others, being simply three straight strips of various colored cotton; Italy, Japan and China being nearly as easy to construct; all set around the Stars and Stripes, which would really be the only difficult one in the lot to work out. This "manual" work could be so easily linked up with the missionary idea by a little talk from each worker on the religious beliefs and customs of the land over which her flag flies,—which talk would necessarily be preceded by some study, and result in the acquisition of considerable fresh information. As long as women must sew on patchwork, why not a Flag Quilt, or a Puff of the Nations?

One of the best ways of making impressive certain facts and fixing them in the mind is that of the preparation of charts and posters. These adjuncts are proving to be so important that the newer missionary organizations are having a Department of Charts and Posters, or an officer whose duty it is to oversee the preparation and presentation of these. Almost anyone under a hundred will enjoy the mechanical (or "manual") details of this work, and each worker will find her interest in the great mission problem stimulated as the chart grows under her hand. This, like many of the foregoing suggestions, requires time, but it is time well spent, and while it is, of course, satisfactory to have the charts well made, no particular artistic ability is necessary in the maker. The knack of using a ruler and a piece of crayon neatly, with a little ingenuity, will evolve many instructive posters.

Some time ago I happened across a pamphlet, "Missionary Education in the Sunday School," which contained a list of missionary books, and materials for the use of the Sunday School teacher. Among the usual collection were three articles that attracted my attention because they were unusual. One was an African Village, one a Japanese Home, the other an Indian Settlement. These could be purchased for \$2.00 each, I read, but they could be *made* I saw at once, by you or me, or by any boy or girl, with a little help; made much more effectively, and with vastly more value to the maker, than could be obtained by the possession and use of the more finished and perfectly wrought "boughten" objects.

Suppose you were having an afternoon on the American Indian. The house in which the Indian boy and girl lives would, of course, be of interest. See how easily one can be made of a few twigs and a bit of chamois skin, or a scrap of fur! Or if the study is to be on the Esquimo, try and see how simple and effective it is to build the igloo out of squares

of lump sugar, which make the most delightful blocks of snow and ice imaginable!

One of the beauties of all manual endeavor is that it encourages the child to think out contrivances of his own. One clumsy invention is worth a dozen flawless copies.

Then there is the Sand Table, dear to every childish heart. What lasting impressions have been created by means of this simple device only Heaven itself will disclose. "Many, many years ago," when I was a little girl, a lady from Maine (one "Hopestill Farnham" by name!) came over to New Brunswick and spent an evening with our church, where she gave an address on our Mission Field. She used a sand map. I can see it still; see exactly the spot where it stood, slightly tipped, upon the vestry platform; see the distinctive mark for each mission building in the cities and villages; see with peculiar distinctness the white cross that marked a new grave in Midnapore, where we had just learned the body of our beloved missionary, George L. Boyer, had been laid. I can see that sand map now, through the mist of years, far more plainly than I can recall last Sunday's sermon! It was my first experience with "Manual Methods of Teaching Missions," and it taught me some things irrevocably: among them the value of the Sand Table. If I had had a hand in the making of that map, the laying out of those towns and villages, the impression would have been even more deep and lasting. Suffice it to say that the leader of a Mission Circle, or childrens' mission society can have no more efficient and effective assistant than a wooden tray, holding a peck or two of sand, with a handful of white stones, bits of pasteboard, colored paper, tinsel, sprigs of spruce, etc.

Summing it all up, the use of "manual methods" will make vivid the facts; oral discussion will make clear the meaning of the facts. Combine the two. Then, and not till then, will come the ready response of the spirit. Missionary teaching must not stop short of the end, for its purpose is to create and stimulate a real heart interest in others, deprived of our choicest blessings; but it cannot begin except at the beginning. First that which is natural; afterward that which is spiritual. Why should we, in trying to teach missions, one of the most vital and absorbing topics of the day, neglect such an effective method of presenting and impressing our facts, as is found in the use of "Manual Methods?"

Portland, Maine.

TWINS

MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

"Well, Elizabeth, what's come o'er the spirit of your dreams? You look disgusted."

The tall girl in blue who had just entered the room, slowly removed her hat and stabbed it with its silver pins as she surveyed the waiting group.

"I *am* disgusted, Edith. You know I was the one to call on Blanche Andrews."

"Yes; has she changed her mind?" Edith inquired, while Sharlie Blake chanted,

"Our bodies change in seven years, they say,
But we may change our minds ten times a day."

Barbara Bell turned quickly from her writing to say, in a tone of surprise, "Why, I explained the plan to Blanche just after our convention. I told her that our birthday missionary meant two dollars extra on our birthdays and that I had pledged twelve dollars on faith, and wanted her to be the sixth girl. Wasn't that plain?"

"Plain as prose, my dear," but she was laughing in her sleeve while she promised. "Her birthday is on February twenty-nine, if you please, and, as she sweetly explained, it was past before you asked her. She will pay in nineteen hundred sixteen."

There was an instant of silent amazement, and then a chorus of laughter.

"Really?" "Was she in earnest?" "Didn't she blush for shame?" cried one and another.

"She was as calm as a May morning, and as cool as the historic iceberg."

"I don't suppose she realized how it would look to us," said Alma Dart, who sat beside the window bending over a bit of embroidery. Alma was always doing fancy work "for missions" in the meetings, hence she was known as the Industrial Department.

"I did my best to show the meanness of it," Elizabeth responded, "and then I told her we were to have that splendid Katherine Grant from Hilltop for our birthday missionary, and how those Hilltop girls had kept up their society for five or six years, and how Katherine went to China last fall, but—" A snap of the fingers closed her sentence.

"Tell us what she said."

"She said 'H'm!' and 'Yes'."

"Blanche has no idea of the sweetness of the work. It is like looking at those roses from a distance." Edith waved her hand toward a vase of crimson beauties. "You see that they're large and lovely, but you must come nearer to get the fragrance."

"Well said, Sister Philosopher," laughed Sharlie. "My mother says that many people have to be converted to foreign missions—a real change of heart, you know. She says we're Jews by nature, and every Jew has some sort of a 'Gentile' he can't abide; either a person, a custom or a cause."

Edith rapped. "Really, girls, we must finish the business. You have heard Elizabeth's report; what will you do with it?"

"I move it be accepted, spread upon the records, and a copy sent to Blanche's parents," said Sharlie.

"Girls!" Alma's voice was a protest. "You're unjust. How long is it since we put on missionary spectacles?"

"But I told Blanche everything—enough to convert any sensible girl," cried Elizabeth.

"And besides, she had promised," Sharlie added. "I think it's downright dishonesty in Blanche, and she'll see that I, for one, can't overlook it. She's a little fraud."

Barbara had been in deep thought, but now said, "I was responsible for assuming the twelve dollars at the convention, and I'm going to be twins this year and pay for both of us."

"Twins?"

"Yes. I came across this idea the other day. Every one of us has a twin—some girl, say in China, who was born the same hour of the same day and week and year as we—for whom we are, perhaps, in a sense responsible. So I'll pay my twin's share in our birthday missionary and let Blanche go."

"She went without your permission, dear," said Elizabeth.

"Speaking of twins," interrupted the Industrial Department, "do you know that I am almost Blanche's twin? Providence decreed that my birthday should be February twenty-eight, but I am near enough to my twin to feel very sorry to have her cast out of the synagogue. Per-adventure we should work and pray, not only for our missionary and our

heathen twins, but also for those at home who, having eyes, see not."

"I move that Alma be appointed to fit Blanche's eyes with missionary spectacles," said Elizabeth, half scornfully.

Edith tapped the table.

"When Barby offered to pay for her twin that settled it. Don't let's discuss."

"But Barby must write the 'auto' for both, then, and without looking up facts," said Sharlie.

"It would really be a good exercise for each of us to write a Chinese autobiography without consulting our books," Edith agreed.

"Don't mention it," murmured Elizabeth.

"I don't quite understand. What are we to do?" Alma asked.

"Why, we're to meet at Edith's in December, because she's a Christmas baby, and each give an autobiographical sketch of her own childhood. We're not allowed to consult our ancestral tablets, either, but just draw on our memory and imagination. We'll have our lesson first, and this will be our fun," Sharlie said.

It was after the meeting that Edith said to Elizabeth, "We really ought not to let Barby pay for a twin. Four dollars is a large sum for her, but when Barby speaks—"

"Yes, it's a matter of conscience. She'll do it and be happy."

"And how about Alma's twin?"

Elizabeth shrugged her shoulders. "I haven't faith enough to pray for her."

* * * * *

The rose bushes were hung with snow wreaths when the girls met in December, bringing their gifts for the birthday missionary. They were readers of best books and thinkers of best thoughts, and in study and gifts reached up to royal standards; but the scraps of infantile history gathered regardless of "ancestral tablets" were simply mirth-provoking nonsense.

"Now, Barby Bell," said Edith, after Sharlie had read the last merry verse in her "recollections," "we are ready for the Chinese twin."

"Please don't expect this to be funny, girls," pleaded Barbara, "it is tragedy."

Then she unfolded a paper and began.

"My Chinese twin was born June sixteen, 1892, in a little mud house in Peking, owned by Mr. Ding Dong."

"What a musical name," murmured Elizabeth.

"It's her own name—Chinese for Bell, you know," added Sharlie.

"I never thought of that," said Barbara, laughing in spite of her serious eyes. "It was the only real Chinese name I could recall. Edith, please fine them if they interrupt again."

Barbara's voice carried conviction, and the girls subsided while she resumed:

"She was number eight, as I am; and when the sad fact was made known, there was a wail of sorrow that boded no good to the unfortunate child. There were whispered consultations, while the poor mother hid her face in an agony of shame. The father and the mother-in-law were furious, as they cried, 'Eight girls! Will the gods send us only curses?' But they trembled with fear lest some more dreadful calamity might overtake them, if they destroyed this girl as they had those who preceded her. So my twin was spared." Barbara's voice faltered and stopped.

"Girls," she began, as her paper slipped to her lap and then to the floor, "I've written the whole story—all about the torture of the bound feet and the go-between and the buying of Little Sister, and the wedding garments and the red chair, but it sounds so commonplace! But because she was my twin, it isn't commonplace to me. I know how she suffered and resisted, and had to give up because there wasn't any love nor any law to save her. It's so different—taking just one out of the millions, you know—and I just *love* that poor, crushed twin over in China, and I know now why the missionaries go, and how they endure it, and," again Barby's voice faltered, but she added bravely, "why we should pray for them."

"That's the point, Barby." Alma's serene voice broke the silence that followed. "Doing that for our birthday missionary has made her perfectly real to me. As for twins, I think I have several."

A sudden memory came to Edith, and she interrupted. "Why, Alma, didn't you—" she began, but was herself interrupted, for at that moment the outer door was softly opened, a swift footstep crossed the hall, the portiere was parted, there was a glimpse of a bright face under nodding plumes, and a little green wad was thrown on the carpet.

"It's money," cried Sharlie, "and that was Blanche!"

Out into the hall she ran and down the snowy path, pulling back into the warm parlor her laughing, protesting victim.

"We're all friends." "Did you repent?" "Tell us about it!" chorused the girls.

"Why couldn't you let me be?" she panted. "No, I didn't repent. It was that girl over there who kept sending me things to read. Yes, you did, Alma Dart! You sort of dealt them out like medicine, leaflets and magazines and birthday missionary things, till I crumbled and fell all to pieces and said that I would."

"Alma!" Elizabeth leaned toward her and spoke in a low tone. "I was a Scribe and a Pharisee. You and Barby got hold of the same idea, only at opposite ends, and it's the right one. There, now! What are you crying on your embroidery for? Lucky for you those are fast colors. But what is Sharlie saying?"

Sharlie was making a motion. "I move that we write a composite letter to our birthday missionary. She will answer it, I know. Then we shall have her letter to read, and get acquainted with our work."

"We might also send our autobiographies," Edith laughingly suggested.

"Let's! I accept the amendment. Where's your hand, Barby? Vote for it."

"But Sharlie, remember what mine is. I will, though; I'll send her the whole thing, and ask her to look up my twin. Alma, will you tell her about yours?"

"Twins?" echoed Blanche. "I didn't know there were any in the village."

"They're everywhere," said Sharlie, oracularly. "The great thing is to find 'em." — *Leaflet published by the W. F. M. S. of the Methodist Episcopal Church.*

IN MEMORIAM

"So close it lies that, when my sight is clear,

I think I see the brightly gleaming strand;

I know, I feel that those who've gone from here

Come near enough to touch my hand.
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find heaven round about us lies.

"I cannot make it seem a day to dread
When from this dear earth I shall journey out

To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones so long dreamed about.

I love this world, yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me,
I know."

Miss Angelia S. Tracy, Skowhegan, Maine, February 3, 1917

Mrs. Mary E. Snow, Haverhill, Mass., June 1, 1917

Mrs. Ada R. S. Collins, Haverhill, Mass., June 1, 1917

QUIZ

- What are the young and strong facing?
What are "Love broken into tiny bits?"
A martyr's witness—what was it?
What was a young missionary's appeal?
What are some of the manual methods suggested by Miss Hartley?
Who can tell the incident in connection with the little Hello-Girl?
Who is a college girl, full of life and fun?
Where is she going?
What is a beautiful secret?
A visit to a zenana—who, where, how?
In what unusual ways are some girls helping in the present crisis?
How can all girls help?
How may we aid our Texas fellow workers who have enlisted to study,
 pray and give?
What is a reciprocal joy?
A young woman who fretted about everything: who can tell her story?
What is "mofussil?"
What wouldn't be called swift traveling?
What is a "market" like, in India?
What does Miss Daniels say about Hinduism?
Where is the zeal of the Lord manifest?
Where is Contai?
What are some odd difficulties?
Who had rings on her fingers and bells on her toes?
Which auxiliary made the largest contribution in April?
What does "Christian possession" mean?
For what does the Master call?

(Answers may be found in the June HELPER.)

CALL

The annual meeting of the Board of Managers of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society will be held in Porter Memorial Hall, Ocean Park, Maine, Friday, July 27, 1917, at 2 o'clock P. M.

NELLSINE I. JOSE, *Recording Secretary.*

Portland, Me., June 11, 1917.

The people of Santipore especially, who had been dreading her absence on furlough, but having this sorrow brightened by anticipations of her return, are now overwhelmed with grief in the knowledge that she can never return to them. And well they may be, for she has been to them mother, friend, helper, adviser, teacher, doctor and nurse for the last seven years! Coming back from America, in 1909, to Midnapore (where she had become closely connected with the educational work of the town, the family life of the Christian community, ever since she came to India twenty years before), she was transferred to Santipore, where she gave herself unreservedly to the people, day and night,—a striking object-lesson of indefatigable self-effacement. Her furlough was due a year ago, but she decided to stay on another year, as there seemed no prospect of any one coming to relieve her—in fact, she would not acknowledge any need of relief.

In October last she was with us at Yearly Meeting in Balasore, her usual cheery, tireless, energetic self, but had so far yielded to the protestations of her colleagues as to plan for her furlough in the spring.

In December she was urged to go along with Miss Gowen, but seemed quite distressed at the thought. "Why," she said, "I *can't* go *now*! There's so much to do and plan for!" In January she sent a messenger to Balasore, asking Dr. Mary to send some medicine for "a pain in my side." This seemed to accomplish its work, for we heard no more of this pain, but heard she was very busy with preparations for the Annual Christian *Mela*, which has become a fixture at Santipore and to which thousands of people—Christians and non-Christians—come.

In the midst of these preparations came an urgent call to visit a small Christian village where they were anxious to establish a school. A Government Official was coming to look into conditions, and the head man of the village thought it necessary to have a missionary on the spot, so sent for Miss Butts, and she, with characteristic unselfishness, went.

This village was sixteen miles away, across fields and pastures, reached by uncertain roads and footpaths. She went in a palki. Two or three days after her return, Dr. Mary received a telegram (Feb. 21st) to come "at once," and on arriving in Santipore found her in great distress. She gave her temporary relief, but recognizing the seriousness of the situation, got off with her to the General Hospital in Calcutta, Feb. 22nd. Examination proved an operation imperative, which was performed February 24th, and disclosed an internal malignant growth which had already

poisoned her whole system. She did not rally from the operation, but remained in a half conscious condition, growing weaker until the end, March 1st, just a week from the day Dr. Mary received the telegram. She was with her hours at a time, day and night (the Hospital authorities waiving their rules in this case) and she spoke very highly of the kindness of the nurses.

Mr. Thompson ("Dr. Shirley's" husband) was kindness itself—taking all the care of notifying friends and arranging for the interment. I was much impressed with the remarks of one of our Bengali young men who went to Calcutta to be present at her burial. He said, "She never thought of herself in food or clothes—went about like the poorest, but at her death everything was as if she were a rich person! Her coffin, the place where she was buried, the people present! I never saw anything like it!"

She was laid to rest in the Scotch cemetery, and Rev. Herbert Anderson, an English Baptist missionary, conducted the services. Nine of our missionaries were there.

L. C. COOMBS.

Bhimpore, India, April 13, 1917.

STORER COLLEGE NOTES

Saturday, May 12, the young people of the following three societies: the Young Women's Christian Association, the Young Men's Christian Association and the Christian Endeavor,—held a bazaar on Storer College Campus. From start to finish the plans were made and the work was done by the young people themselves, and the results were so successful that they propose continuing the bazaar Commencement Day. Great enthusiasm had been aroused over the May Queen Contest, each normal class choosing a contestant, and the votes costing two cents each. The Juniors were the winners, and the ceremonies attendant on the crowning of the queen and the winding of the May Pole were among the attractive side issues of the bazaar. When all the proceeds of the day were counted they amounted to a little over \$100, to be equally divided among the three Societies. The Y. M. C. A. will use their share in sending a delegate to the colored Y. M. C. A. Conference at King's Mountain, N. C. The Y. W. C. A. have already started a fund for the benefit of worthy girl students—and after adding to that, they and the C. E. will doubtless make a contribution to our new chapel Grand piano.

The Societies extend thanks to the friends whose generous contributions of salable articles made this first Students' Bazaar such a success.

"Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to use," might well be the song of the students as they carry water by the pailful for dormitory use. Lack of rain has lowered the cistern supply, and the peculiar hardness of the water from one driven well destroys pipes and fixtures so rapidly that that, together with the increasing cost of gasoline, has made a new source of supply imperative. Six hundred feet of pipe is ready for connection with the pulp mill on the Shenandoah, and arrangements are being completed whereby river water will be forced up the four hundred foot declivity to our tank. Contributions for the work have already been received, but not nearly enough to complete this immediate need.

The effect of the war is upon us. With nearby schools, like Lincoln University and Howard University, closed; with U. S. soldiers guarding our bridges, and cadets encamped on our island, it is no wonder that a new thoughtfulness has been manifest among our students. There is no question but that Storer's sons and daughters will be loyal to the Stars and Stripes. We are all patriotic on Camp Hill. Our chapel talks have taken the form of address on the food situation, of the patriotic duty of our farmer boys and girls through the summer, and we expect many of our older boys and girls to volunteer for active service. Thus these days have a measure of sadness for us.

A few weeks ago the school was honored by speeches from Mr. Byron R. Brewster and his wife, who, largely at their own expense, pushed to completion the tablet memorial to John Brown, at Elba, N. Y. After listening to their sincere, earnest and heart-stirring words of the hero who was personally known to them, the school sang "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" as it never had before. One of our boys said, "I never knew what the words of that song meant, but now I shall never forget." So it is that new visions come as the days pass, and the heritage of Storer becomes constantly more comprehensible and valuable to our students.

ELIZABETH M. McDONALD.

Harper's Ferry, West Virginia.

CALL

The annual meeting of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society will be held in Porter Memorial Hall, Ocean Park, Maine, Thursday, August 2, 1917, at 9 o'clock A. M., for the following purposes; to hear reports of officers and committees, for election of officers, and for such other business as may come before the meeting.

NELLSINE I. JOSE, *Recording Secretary.*

Portland, Me., June 11, 1917.

TREASURER'S NOTES

Maine is one of our most fortunate states in its missionary relationships, claiming Miss Coombs, Miss Gowen and Miss Amy Porter as its very own. Its output of appreciation has always been in proportion to its blessings. We are reminded of this fact by the report that comes to us of the work of the Pittsfield Amoma S. S. Class, in Miss Porter's home church. Its members are very much in earnest in working for missions, and at a recent business meeting Miss Gowen met with them and told them of Miss Porter's work, showing samples of the handwork which her pupils are doing. Besides the gifts herewith credited, W. Bowdoin and Steep Falls auxiliaries sent Bengal-Orissa gifts direct to Mrs. Anderson, N. E. District Treasurer. But even as we add her official title, we realize that, for the majority of our New England workers, such addition is entirely unnecessary, but we leave it for the sake of the possible exception which usually proves the rule.

As the mail brings us word, during the month, of the progress of individual or group effort, the "ups and downs" of our temperamental barometer—mostly "ups"—remind us of the nurse's chart with its temperature and pulse record,—*New Hampshire's* splendid total this month occasioned a high point registry.

Storer's work is remembered in a *Vermont* Thank Offering.

It is Sakhi, "a very black, bright, pleasant-faced little girl, almost never naughty!" for whose year's support, the S. S. and C. E. Society of the Pascoag, *Rhode Island*, Church makes provision. Another S. S. gift is for Miss Coe's work,—that of Cleveland, *Ohio*, Scranton Road Church; while still another, that of Knoxville, *Pennsylvania*, Butler Hill S. S., is for Ushaboti in S. O.

By the gift from Mrs. J. Martindale Ostrom and brother, memorial to their mother, the yearly support of Kheroda is assured.

In addition to the Michigan auxiliary and individual gifts of Thank Offerings, etc., which we are crediting and passing on, Bengal-Orissa gifts from several other auxiliaries went forward to Mrs. Peterson, Treasurer of Central District in which the state is situated.

Barbados and Cradle Roll are represented by a *Minnesota* gift. Of her auxiliaries, Mrs. Stout, W. M. S. State Treasurer, says: "I find that Minnesota auxiliaries came up to their apportionments well as a whole. We paid a little over three-fourths from July 1 to March 31.

Iowa's gifts are individual, and are from friends who through the years have entered largely into the work of our Society.

The gift of Anson, *Kas.*, W. M. S. is for Sinclair Orphanage.

With the wish "that this year's Thank Offering will be one of the best our W. M. S. has ever had," friends in Denver send forward their Thank Offering.

Memorial bequest gifts mark the close of our "receipts,"—Dr. Ward's memorial to his wife, and those of our permanent funds, to which is now added the bequest gift of Mrs. Mary Miller, "who was much interested" in the work of our Society, to which she made continual contribution. "She thought much of the MISSIONARY HELPER and took it for many years, always reading each number as long as strength permitted."

What a satisfaction it would have been to have been personally present at Storer's closing. Of it Mrs. Lightner says: "We had a glorious commencement, our fiftieth!"

Does "The Old Path and the New" sound interesting? That is the topic from which Mrs. Coralie Franklin Cook,—our bright and wonderfully capable W. M. S. comrade, will speak to us of Storer's work, in her address on the evening of annual meeting. Let us be again reminded of the date and place of our meeting: *Ocean Park, Maine, August 2nd.*

Are you all remembering to be *very specific* in forwarding your gifts? Please do. It will be for the satisfaction and convenience of all concerned, and let us be "instant in season and out of season" in our accustomed Christian effort, and alert and ready also with reference to the new opportunities, which are, and will increasingly open up to us because of present world conditions.

In closing, we leave with you the parting word of a most stirring missionary and war address, recently listened to: "See to it that you dig yourself into the advance line of the trenches of your missionary zeal."

In W. M. S. bonds,

EDYTH R. PORTER.

Peabody, Mass.

"The great outlook for the future for missions is the outlook of opportunity. There are no doors closed now, except by our own willful hands; no limiting horizons of vision, except to eyes that are shut or short sighted. But if God writes 'opportunity' on one side of these doors, he writes 'responsibility' on the other side."

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY, OCEAN PARK, MAINE, AUGUST 2.

President, Mrs. Lucy Phillips Durgin, Winnebago, Minn.

- 9.00 a. m. Morning Watch.
- 10.00 a. m. Reports of Officers and Committees, Editor and Publisher of MISSIONARY HELPER.
- 1.30 p. m. Banquet, served by members of the Saco, Me., Auxiliary, at Porter Memorial Hall.
Toasts and Responses. Mrs. L. P. Durgin, Toastmistress.
- 2.00 p. m. Prayer. Election of Officers.
- 2.15 p. m. Music.
- 2.30 p. m. Symposium: "Under the New Regime," Mrs. Lucy Phillips Durgin; "Steps Forward," Mrs. M. A. W. Bachelder; "Is Storer Worth While?" Mrs. Elizabeth McDonald; "In Our Corner of India," Miss Sadie Gowen, Miss Amy B. Coe.
- 8.00 p. m. Prayer. Music.
- 8.15 p. m. Presentation of Foreign Work.
Address, "The Old Path and the New," Mrs. Coralie Franklin Cook, Washington, D. C.

GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENT'S NOTES

For the first time in my life I have had the privilege and the joy of a Commencement season at Storer College. I count it as one of the rich experiences of my life. How I wish that every member of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society could have attended those exercises and seen what those students are capable of, could have heard the testimonies given on Alumni morning by both present and former students in recognition of Storer, and above all could have met and talked personally with those manly and womanly young men and women. They would have been proud, as also was I, of whatever part they may have had in so significant an enterprise.

And how I wish that many, many people who know nothing of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society or of Storer College could have been there. I am positive it would have meant a great widening of interest in this work and a great furthering of desire to provide better for it. It would have meant, too, increase in the subscriptions to our HELPER, because this is the organ through which the news of what is being done at Storer gets over to the people who are interested in it.

Cordially,

A. M. MOSHER.

107 Howland St., Boston, Mass.

Helps for Monthly Meetings

"In all effort for missions, education is the essential foundation upon which is built Christian character that expresses itself in prayer, gifts and service."

UNITED STUDY FOR 1917-18

The united study text-book for 1917-1918 is entitled "*An African Trail*," by Jean Kenyon Mackenzie. It is a book of unusual value, contains 248 pages, and has 16 half-tone illustrations. Miss Mackenzie's literary style has won for her a place in *The Atlantic Monthly*, which published her letters from Africa, now out in book form under the title "*Black Sheep*." "*An African Trail*" is not a book of travel, though it carries the reader through vivid scenes in the Kamerun country. It is rather the story of the Bulu's approach to God. There is no book like it and we prophesy that it will mark a new era in the study of missions. The chapter headings are "The White Man in Africa," "The Bulu," "The Bulu and God," "The Ten Tyings," "The New Tribe," "The New Custom." Prices as formerly. Paper, 30 cents. Board, 50 cents. Postage, 7 cents.

HOW TO USE THE TEXT-BOOK.—"*An African Trail*" is a pamphlet with suggestions for programs, charts and maps by HELEN BARRETT MONTGOMERY. Price 10 cents, postage 2 cents. To be issued early in September.

A small pamphlet giving interesting incidents in the life of Miss Mackenzie will be mailed upon receipt of a 2-cent stamp. Be sure to have the Annual Report of your own denomination and leaflets on Africa from the W. A. B. F. M. S.

"*African Adventures*" is the book for Juniors, by JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE. It has 128 p., 16 half-tone illustrations. Miss Mackenzie has done a remarkable piece of work, destined not only to instruct, but to fascinate boys and girls of all ages. It is a story of the jungle more vivid than any jungle stories we have known, and through the jungle the hearts of all are led in a wonderful, beautiful way into sympathy with African children in their approach to Christ. The chapter headings are: "The Family of Akulu Mejo," "White Men and their Adventures," "Assam tells more about Livingstone," "An Adventure with Dwarfs," "Adventures of Assam and Mejo," "The Return of the Adventurers." Price: Paper, 30 cents. Board, 50 cents. Postage, included. *Guide for*

leaders using African Adventurers, gives helpful suggestions for presenting the chapter-lessons. Price, 5 cents. Postage, 1 cent.

"LIGHTING THE DARK CONTINENT."—An African play, by ALICE PARSONS, will delight the older Juniors. Price 10 cents, postage 1 cent.

GENERAL HELPS.—"*The Missionary Hymnal*." One hundred best hymns. Reduction in lots of twenty-five or more ordered at one time. Price, 15 cents. Postage, 3 cents. "*Scripture Readings and Prayers*," arranged by Mrs. Newell Dwight Hillis. Very helpful to the leader. Price, 5 cents. Postage, 1 cent. "*An Outline Map*" of Africa, 28 by 32 inches. 20 cents, postage 2 cents.

The best supplementary books for this year's reading are "*Black Sheep*." Adventures in West Africa by JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE, author of "*An African Trail*." "*Black Sheep*" is a thrilling study of Miss Mackenzie's actual experiences as a mission worker in the African jungle. Price, \$1.50. Postage, 10 cents. "*Mary Slessor of Calabar*," by W. P. LIVINGSTONE. The life story of Mary Slessor of Calabar, the simple Scotch girl whose work among what were regarded as the most degraded natives of Africa was so wonderfully blessed. Price, \$1.50. Postage, 14 cents. "*The Lure of Africa*," by CORNELIUS H. PATTON, is a good background for "*An African Trail*." Price postpaid, paper 40 cents, cloth 60 cents.

Every missionary circle should subscribe for at least one good interdenominational missionary magazine. "*Missionary Review of the World*." Particularly helpful and inspiring. Published monthly \$2.50 a year. "*International Review of Missions*." Published in Edinburgh. Contains articles by writers with a statesmanlike grasp of conditions in the missionary world. Quarterly \$2.00 a year.

"*World Outlook*." This magazine aims to be a journal of the future. Published monthly, \$1.50 a year.

"*Everyland*," an interdenominational monthly magazine with fascinating stories and beautiful pictures which will interest boys and girls in the children of the world and the work of missions. Subscriptions, \$1.00 per year. \$1.25 to Canada. \$1.50 to other foreign countries.

Order the foregoing from LITERATURE DEPARTMENT, W. A. B. F. M. S., 704 Ford Building, Boston, Mass. The Literature Department of the W. A. B. F. M. S. is sending out a very interesting report, "Our Work in the Orient." Send for a copy.

"*The Light of the World*," "*The Child in the Midst*," "*The King's Highway*," "*World Missions and World Peace*" remain at regular rates—paper 30 cents, board 50 cents, postage 7 cents. "*Western Women in Eastern Lands*" can be obtained in leather only—50 cents, postage 10 cents. The other eleven study books published by the Central Committee can be obtained—paper 15 cents, cloth 25 cents, postage 7 cents. Write M. H. Leavis, Agent, West Medford, Mass., about them.

For the usual leaflets, responsive readings, exercises, calendars, books and pamphlets, furnished by our Bureau of Missionary Intelligence until further notice, address

Mrs. A. D. Chapman,
12 Prescott St., Lewiston, Maine.

Practical Christian Living

All centuries, all races, both sexes, all ages find in the Master their virtues consummated. The white light in him gathers up all the split and partial colors of our little spectrums. As we consider the significance of this, His word possesses a fresh and persuasive meaning when He says, "Ye call me Teacher and Lord, and ye do well, for so am I."—*Harry Emerson Fosdick*.

OUR QUIET HOUR

(10 A. M.)

"Have you and I today
Stood silent as with Christ, apart from
joy or fear
Of life to see by faith His face;
To look, if but a moment, at its grace,
And grow, by brief companionship,
more true,
More nerved to lead, to dare, to do
For Him at any cost? Have we today
Found time, in thought, our hand to lay
In His, and thus compare
His will with ours, and wear

The impress of His wish? Be sure
Such contact will endure
Throughout the day; will help us walk
erect
Through storm and flood; detect,
Within the hidden life, sin's dross, its
stain;
Revive a thought of love for Him again,
Steady the steps which waver; help us
see
The footpath meant for you and me."

. . . New and far-reaching and grave questions are confronting this nation. . . .

Missionary women and individual women are challenged by tremendous needs. It is not necessary for me to name these. We know them well. How shall we meet these needs and withstand the tremendous pressure of life and service at the present day?

There is but one answer which satisfies me and which I wish to offer to you. WE NEED MORE TIME WITH GOD.

We need to go back to the time of Brother Lawrence and, like him, learn experimentally how to "practice the presence of God." We need to go back to the day of Martin Luther, who, when great responsibilities and burdens were resting upon him, and when he was asked how he expected to meet the pressure of a given day, replied, "The responsibilities for this day were so great and so many that I felt it necessary to take three times my usual time for prayer this morning." In our day of hurry and confusion we are very apt to fall back, under such circumstances, upon the thought that we may "pray as we go." That is our privilege and our blessed resource, but I fear that we avail ourselves of it too often, that we pray as we go, when we ought, rather, definitely and persistently to take time with God. Only by living with Him in some quiet moments or hours will it be possible for us to receive from Him the stores of steadfastness, of strength, and of serenity, which will enable us to meet the overwhelming claims of the day in which we live, and to bear our share in meeting the needs of the nation.

In my childhood days I used to see over the door of the Young Men's Christian Association, carved in stone, the old Latin motto, *Teneo et Teneor*—I hold and I am held. I believe, and I know that you believe, that this also expresses our need today. It is only as we hold to God that He holds us with fullness of His strength and grace. For the past four years those words have been my personal motto, and I want to give them to you today with the assurance that never once, in dark days or in light days, in times of stress or times of ease, have they failed me. Day by day and hour by hour, whatever the burden, whatever the responsibility—*holding, I have been held*. What has been true for me is and will be true for every one of my dear fellow workers in the Council of Women for Home Missions, and I can ask no greater privilege or higher blessing for us all than that we may personally know in full measure that *holding, we are held*.—*Extracts from an address by Mrs. Alice B. Coleman at the Annual Meeting of the Council of Women for Home Missions.*

Ten minutes spent in Christ's society every day, ay, two minutes if it be face to face and heart to heart, will make the whole day different.

—Henry Drummond.

Juniors



GUARDING THE STARS AND STRIPES

We are Uncle Sam's young army,
And we're twenty millions strong—
All together we are marching,
Marching, marching right along!
Not one coward is among us,
Every heart is staunch and true;
And although we are but children,
Yet there's something we can do—
We can guard our country's colors,
Raise them high with cheer and song!
For we're Uncle Sam's young army,
And we're twenty millions strong!

Well we know the splendid stories
Of the brave deeds of the past,
And our country we have promised
That such bravery shall last.
Loyal we will be and love her,
True in every word and deed,
That we may be worthy of her
When it comes our turn to lead.
Now we can but guard her colors,
Proud that to us they belong—
For we're Uncle Sam's young army,
And we're twenty millions strong!
—*Children's Magazine.*

The July *Everyland*, in its red, white and blue dress, is a delightful patriotic number. It tells the boys and girls how they can "do their bit," presents the words and music of "America the Beautiful" and has ever so many other good things, especially a pageant, "Santa's Allies," which shows what sort of preparedness and what kind of ammunition are acceptable to Santa Claus. Send ten cents to *Everyland*, 156 Fifth Ave., New York City, for the July number.

Contributions

"Money speaks all languages, there is no limit to the geographical range of its influence."

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for May, 1917

F. B. W. M. S. contributors should carefully designate how their money should be used, whether for Home Missions, Foreign Missions, or the Contingent Fund, remembering that the latter will be used by the Society where it is most needed.

MAINE		
East Otisfield Aux. income from Green-leaf fund for Bengal-Orissa	\$ 2 18	
Gray, ladies for Miss Coombs	5 00	
Houlton Aux. T O	30 00	
(L M of Mrs Samuel Grant)		
Litchfield. Mrs Emily T Smith T O . . .	2 00	
East Livermore, F B Aux. T O 8.70; gifts 2.08 for Miss Coombs		10 78
(Completes L M of Mrs Delora A Smith, Livermore Falls, Me)		
Newport, Mrs Elizabeth Kinney, child in S O		2 00
Pittsfield F B S S, Amona Class for Miss Amy Porter		25 00

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

Wingate Fund Income	12 50
South Windham Aux for Miss Coombs .	10 00
Steep Falls Aux for Contingent Fund .	12 00
Weeks Mills, Mrs Drusilla Chadwick, T O	2 00
West Buxton Aux, for Miss Coombs . .	10 00
West Falmouth Aux, T O for Home Mis-	
sions (CF)	19 86
(\$5 L M Mrs Bertha Blake, Com; To-	
ward L M Mrs Nettie E Noyes 14.86)	
Maine Total, \$143.32	

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Center Sandwich F B Aux for C F . . .	15 00
Dover H H & F M S for Native Teacher	12 50
East Rochester Aux, C F 10.04; T O (CF)	
11.32	21 36
Farmington Aux. for Sukha Jena in S O	25 00
for Dr Mary Bachelor	1 00
for Miss Barnes	4 00
Mrs Carrie A Gammon for HS Fund	5 00
Gonic Aux for C F	4 00
for T O	16 00
Lakeport Aux, Inc Cole Fund for Wid-	
ows' Home	12 50
Laconia Aux, to be used where needed .	2 53
Louden Center Ladies' Aid Society (to	
July 1st)	20 00
New Durham Aux for C F	8 00
Pittsfield Aux, dues	4 00
Do T O Junior S S for Miss Barnes	
4.00; Y P M S for Pittsfield School	
18.75; One share in M H 3.00; Storer	
10.00; For the work Miss Butts was	
doing 10.00; C F 2.25	48 00
Rochester Aux, C F	2 00
South Berwick Aux, T O for Nat Teacher	
at Balasore	13 00
Strafford Corner, T O, C F	24 25
(L M Mrs Annie Felker, Rochester,	
N H)	
Strafford Center, T O, C F	5 82
Do Aux C F	10 00
Walnut Grove Aux, C F	6 75
Do T O, C F	13 37
(L M Mrs Martha A Jackson, Roch-	
ester, N H)	
N H. Total, \$274.08	

VERMONT

Lyndon Center, Mrs J W Burgin, T O for	
Storer	5 00
Vermont Total, \$5.00	

RHODE ISLAND

Pascoag, F B C R Soc, 15.00; S S 10.00 for	
Sakhi	25 00
R I Total, \$25 00	

PENNSYLVANIA

Knoxville, Butler Hill Sunday School for	
Ushaboti	6 25
Penna Total, \$6.25	

OHIO

Cleveland, Scranton Road S S for work	
of Miss Coe	25 00
Ohio Total, \$25.00	

MICHIGAN

Alba, Mrs Julia Ostrom and brother for	
Kheroda in S O	15 00
Calhoun & No Branch Q M Aux for C F	2 90
Clifford Q M for Storer	2 19
Davison Aux, T O	4 00
Gobleville Aux, T O	10 41
Goodrich Aux for Storer	1 52
Green Oak Aux for Storer	2 10
Litchfield Aux, H M 2.00; Storer 1.00 . .	3 00
(On L M Mrs Minnie Bartell)	
Mason Aux for Dr Bachelor, T O	17 00
Paw Paw, Mrs L Jennings Barton, Miss	
Barnes 4.00; 1.00 C F	5 00
S Crystal Aux for Storer	2 85
Michigan Total, \$65.97	

MINNESOTA

Brainard Aux, Miss Estabrook 12.00; C R	
8.00	20 00
Minnesota Total, \$20.00	

IOWA

Spencer, Mrs Mary O Parsons 1.00; Miss	
Clara Oliver 5.00; Mrs S M Goodell	
6.00; (T O for Schools at Midnapore	
9.00, C F 3.00	12 00
Van Wert, Mr & Mrs B F Brown for W	
M S F M work	6 00
Iowa Total, \$18.00	

KANSAS

Anson Aux, for Sinclair Orphanage . .	15 00
Kansas Total, \$15.00	

COLORADO

Denver, E A & C G Wheeler, T O	5 00
Colorado Total, \$5.00	

JAPAN

Osaka, Dr J T Ward, T O, in memory of	
Mrs Ward	5 00
Japan Total, \$5.00	

MISCELLANEOUS

Estate of Mrs Mary Miller, late of Red-	
field, N Y, for F B W M work in Ben-	
gal-Orissa, India	200 00
Collections, Expense Field Work Miss	
A Coe	28 63
Income: Edwin & S J R Babb Fund for	
Bengal-Orissa	84 56
Balasore Work	3 32
"Betsy French Dyer Memorial" for	
child in S O	23 54
"Clynick Fund" for child in S O . . .	42 50
Gen'l for Bengal-Orissa	22 40
Do for Storer College	48 43
Misc Total, \$453.38	

Total Receipts, May, 1917 \$1061 00

EDYTH R. PORTER, Treasurer

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

Per May Malvern, Assistant Treasurer

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath the sum of — to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine.

XUM

XUM